

A
PINDARIQUE
ODE,
Humbly Offer'd to the
KING
On His Taking
NAMURE.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

*Præfenti tibi Maturos largimur Honores:
Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.*

Hor. ad Augustum.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judge's-Head
near the Inner-Temple-Gate in Fleetstret,
MDCXCV.

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PINDARIC
O D E

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K I N G

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N A M U R E

By MR. CONGREVE

Presented to the Honourable
The Commons of Great Britain
In Parliament assembled
Hoc ad Augustum

L O N D O N

Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judges-Hall
near the Inner-Temple-Gate in Fleet-Street
MDCXCV

PINDARIQUE ODE.

OF Arms and War my Muse aspires to Sing,
 And my Bold Hand dares touch an untry'd String.
 New Fire informs my Soul, unfelt before;
 And, on new Wings, to Heights unknown I soar.
 O Power unseen! by whose Resistless Force
 Compell'd, I take this Flight, direct my Course;
 For Fancy, wild and pathless Ways will chuse,
 Which Judgment, rarely, or with Pain, pursues.
 Say, Sacred Nymph, whence this great Change proceeds;
 Why scorns the lowly Swain his Oaten Reeds,
 Daring aloud to strike the Sounding Lyre,
 And sing Heroick Deeds;
 Neglecting Flames of Love, for Martial Fire?

WILLIAM

WILLIAM alone, my Feeble Voice can raise;
 What Voice so weak, that cannot sing his Praise!
 The listning World each Whisper will befriend
 That breaths his Name, and every Ear attend.
 The hov'ring Winds on downy Wings shall wait around,
 And catch, and waft to Foreign Lands, the flying Sound
 Ev'n I will in his Praise be heard;
 For by his Name my Verse shall be preferr'd.

Born like a Lark, upon this Eagles Wing,
 High as the Spheres, I will his Triumph sing;
 High as the Head of *Fame*; *Fame*, whose exalted Size,
 From the deep Vale, extends, up to the Vaulted Skies:

Verg.
 Aen. 4.

A thousand talking Tongues the Monster bears,
 A thousand waking Eyes, and ever open Ears;
 Hourly she stalks, with Huge Gigantick Pace,
 Measuring the Globe, like Time, with constant Race:
 Yet shall she stay, and bend to *WILLIAM*'s Praise;
 Of Him, her thousand Ears shall hear triumphant Lays,
 Of Him, her Tongues shall talk, on Him her Eyes shall gaze.

But lo, a Change astonishing my Eyes!
 And all around, behold new Objects rise!

What Forms are these I see? and whence?

Beings

Beings substantial ? or does Air condense,
 To cloath in visionary Shape, my various Thought ?
 Are these by Fancy wrought !
 Can strong Idea's, strike so deep the Sense !
 O sacred Poetic ! O boundless Pow'r !
 What wonders dost thou trace, what hidden Worlds explore !
 Thro' Seas, Earth, Air, and the wide circling Sky,
 What is not fought and seen, by thy all-searching Eye !

4.

'Twas now, when flowry Lawns the Prospect made,
 And flowing Brooks beneath a Forests shade ;
 A Lowing Heifer, Loveliest of the Herd,
 Stood feeding by ; while two fierce Bulls prepar'd
 Their Armed Heads for Fight ; by Fate of War, to prove
 The Victor worthy of the Fair Ones Love.
 Unthought Prefage, of what met next my view !

For soon the shady Scene withdrew.

And now, for Woods, and Fields, and springing Flow'rs ;
 Behold a Town arise, Bulwark'd with Walls, and lofty Tow'rs !
 Two Rival Armies, all the Plain o're-spread,
 In Gallant Order Rang'd, and Shining Arms Array'd :
 With Eager Eyes, beholding both from far,
 NAMU RE, the Prize and Mistress of the War.

B

5. Now

5.

Now, Thirst of Conquest, and Immortal Fame,
 Does ev'ry Chief and Soldier's Heart Inflame.
 Defensive Arms, the *Gallick* Forces bear;
 While Hardy *Britons* for the Storm prepare:
 For Fortune had with partial Hand, before
 Resign'd the Rule to *Gallia's* Haughty Pow'r.
 High on a Rock, the Mighty Fortrefs stands,
 Founded by Fate; and wrought by Nature's Hands:
 A wond'rous Task it is th' Ascent to gain,
 Thro craggy Cliffs, that strike the Sight with pain,
 And Nod impending Terrours o're the Plain.
 To this, what Dangers Men can add, by Force, or Skill,
 (And great is Humane Force and Wit, in Ill)
 Are joyn'd; on ev'ry side, wide gaping Engines wait,
 Teeming with Fire, and big with certain Fate;
 Ready to hurl Destruction from above,
 In dreadful Roar, mocking the Wrath of Jove.
 Thus fearful, does the Face of adverse Pow'r appear;
 But *British* Forces are unus'd to fear:
 Tho thus Opposed, they might, if *NASSAW* were not there,

6. But

But hark, the Voice of War ! Behold the Storm begin !

The Trumpets Clangor, speaks in loud Allarms,

Mingling shrill Notes, with dreadful Din
Of Cannons burst, and rattling clash of Arms.

Clamours, from Earth to Heav'n, from Heav'n to Earth rebound,
Distinction, in promiscuous Noise is drown'd,
And Echo lost in one continued Sound.

Torrents of Fire, from Brazen Mouths are sent,
Follow'd by Peals, as either Pole were rent;

As the Tartarean Gulph did Flames disgorge,

Or Vaulted *Ætna* roar from *Hulcan* Forge:

Such, were the Peals from thence, such, the vast Blaze that broke,

Redning with horrid Gloom, the dusky Smoke;
When the huge Cyclops did with molding Thunder sweat,
And Massie Bolts on repercussive Anvils beat.

Amidst this Rage, behold, where *NASSA* stands;

Undaunted, Undismay'd !

With Face Serene, dispensing dread Commands;

Which heard with Awe, are with Delight Obey'd:

A thousand fiery Deaths; around him fly;

And burning Balls with rapid hiss, pass harmless by :

For

For ev'ry Fire, his Sacred Head must spare,
Nor durst the Lightning finge the Lawrels there.

Now many a wounded *Briton*, feels the scorching rage

Of Missive Fires, that fester in each Limb;

Which dire Revenge alone, has Pow'r t' assuage;

Revenge, makes Danger dreadful seem.

And now, with desperate Force, and fresh Attack,

Through obvious Deaths, a restless way they make;

Raising high Piles of Earth, and heap on heap they lay,

And then ascend, resembling thus (as far

As race of Men inferior, may)

The fam'd Gigantick War

When those tall Sons of Earth, did Heav'n aspire;

(A Brave, but Impious Fire)

Uprooting Hills, with most stupendious Hale,

To form the High and Dreadful Scale.

The Gods, with Horrour and Amaze, look'd down,

Beholding Rocks from their firm Basis rent;

Mountain on Mountain thrown

With threatening hurl, that shook th' Æthereal Firmament.

This Attempt, did Fear in Heav'n create;

Ev'n *Jove* desponding sat,

Till

Till *Mars* with all his Force Collected, stood,
 And Pour'd whole *War*, on the *Rebellious* Brood;
 Who tumbling headlong from th' *Empyreal* Skys,
 Orewhelm'd those Hills, by which they thought to rise.
Mars, on the Gods did then his Aid bestow,
 And now in Godlike *WILLIAM* storms, with equal Fire below.

9.

Still they proceed, with firm unshaken Pace,
 And hardy Breasts oppos'd to Dangers Face.
 Cat'raacts of Fires Precipitate, are driv'n
 On their Adventrous Heads, as Ruin rain'd from Heav'n.
 With daring Feet, on Springing Mines they tread
 Of secret Sulphur, in dire Ambush laid,
Echos each scalding step resound,
 And horrid Flames bellowing to be unbound,
 Rumble with hollow rage in Cavern'd Ground.

10.

Still they Proceed ; tho all beneath the Lab'ring Earth
 Trembles to give the dread Irruptions Birth.
 Thro' this, and more, thro' oppositions self they go,
 Mounting at last amidst the vanquisht Foe.

[o r]

See, how they Climb, and Scale the Steepy Walls !
 See, how the *Britons* rise ! see the retiring *Gauls* !
 Now, from the Fort, behold the yielding Flag is spread,
 And *NASSAW'S* Conqu'ring Banner on the Breach display'd.

11.

Hark, the Triumphant Shouts, from every voice !
 The Skys with Acclamations Ring !
 Hark, how around, the Hills rejoyce,
 And Rocks, reflected *Io's* Sing !
 Hautboy's and Fifes and Trumpets joyn'd,
 Heroick Harmony prepare,
 And charm to silence every wind,
 And glad the late Tormented Air.
 Far, is the sound of Martial Musick spread,
 Ech'ing thro' all the Gallick Host,
 Whose Num'rous Troops the dreadful Storm survey'd :
 But they with wonder, or with awe, dismay'd,
 Unmov'd beheld the Fortrefs lost.
NASSAW, their num'rous Troops with terroure fill'd,
 Such wondrous charms, can Godlike Valloar show !
 Not the wing'd *Perseus*, with Petrifick shield
 Of *Gorgon's* head, to more amazement charm'd his Foe,

Nor

[11]

Nor, when on soaring Horse he flew, to aid
 And save from Monsters rage, the Beauteous Maid ;
 Or more Heroick was the deed ;
 Or she to surer Chains decreed,
 Then was *NAMURE* ; till now by *NASSAW*'s ^{(free'd.} vallour

12

Descend my Muse, from thy too daring height,
 Descend to Earth, and ease thy wide stretch'd Wing ;
 For weary art thou grown, of this unwonted Flight,
 And dost with Pain of Triumphs Sing.
 More fit for thee, resume thy rural reeds ;
 For War, let more *Harmonious Harps* be Strung :
 Sing thou of Love ; and Leave Great *NASSAW*'s deeds
 To *Him* who Sung the *BOYNE* ; or *Him* to whom he Sung.

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